

## Interdimensional by PlusSizeReader

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**Summary:**

Steve Harrington x Plus size!reader

Word Count: 1649 words

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Summary: Reader is Dustin's big sister, who catches them looking for Dart and it invested from that moment on.

## **Interdimensional**

Dustin had a bit of an overactive imagination, everyone in Hawkins knew that but no one more so than you...his big sister.

You all kind of let it slide, and didn't question it too much because it wasn't hurting anyone until of course, he started talking crazy. He told you about the monsters first, but you didn't believe him, no one would have.

He also tried to convince you that there was a leprechaun living in your attic and that if you straightened your hair during a rain storm, it would cause a monsoon.

That being said, it wasn't all that unreasonable that you didn't ask anything further about the lizard creature he had locked up in the storm cellar.

...Until you heard him in the backyard at three in the morning.

You thought about opening the window for a second and yelling at him but that would inevitably wake your mother, who would not be happy about the whole situation.

So that left you with only one option, which was to put some shoes on and go see what he was up to yourself, which you did after a few long moments of debate. In the long run, he would probably just tell you a ghost story and then go to bed.

It wasn't until you flipped on the porch light and made your way toward where Dustin was that you heard a second voice, one that you recognized. For the life of you, you couldn't place who it was, until you stopped beside your brother.

It was Steve Harrington, who was shining a flashlight directly in your eyes. You couldn't see him for a moment until he realized it was you and dropped the beam to the grass, but you could hear him more clearly and you were sure...Steve was standing in your backyard.

That had to have been the most confusing part of the whole event

because you didn't even know Dustin talked to Steve.

"What is going on?" you asked, turning your question to your younger brother instead of the man in front of you. It only took a second for him to answer you, because he'd been anticipating that you'd ask since he heard the front door close.

The trouble was he had no idea what he was going to tell you. There was a good chance that the truth wouldn't register in your mind, and telling you in the first place could put you in a lot of danger.

The silence made you uneasy, because you knew Dustin better than anyone and with every passing second, he was crafting a more elaborate lie. "Dusty, I swear if there's a frog in my tub again, I'm gonna lose it" you sigh, amusing Steve from a few feet away.

You heard his little chuckle, though you ignored it, still waiting for your brother to tell you the truth. He had to be up to something...and the sooner he told you the truth, the better off you would be.

Dustin took a deep breath, deciding that risking your ridicule would be the only way to continue their search. "I stole a creature from a parallel universe, it's growing at a crazy rate, and it ate Mews, and I locked it in the cellar" he rambled, the slight lisp he had making it a little more difficult to understand him. Luckily, you had more practice than anyone.

You could feel Steve's eyes on you but still, your attention was poised on Dustin, even more than before after hearing that. "You what? What dimension did you get it from? Why did you take it? What is Steve doing here?" you questioned, every question after the next as you tried to understand.

There was a good chance he was lying, but the story was just too crazy for you to not ask about. At the very least, Dustin had come up with a tale that was better than some lame gaming excuse that you wouldn't believe for a second.

"Steve is gonna help me figure out what to do about Dart" he explained, ignoring the rest of your questions in favor of the last one. That was the easiest one to reason, so if he could occupy you enough

with that, maybe you'd go back inside.

Up until this point, Steve himself had been silent but at the mention of the creature, he felt the need to further explain, just so you didn't think he was completely mental. "Dart is the interdimensional creature" instantly stepping back when your gaze shifted to his face.

You had no idea how to deal with what you were hearing, but the fact that Dustin had somehow convinced Steve to join him in this was impressive. Either your brother was really manipulative or Harrington was a complete idiot.

The two of you had went to school together since middle school and never in that time did he feel the need to talk to you or even consider your existence until this moment and he felt like an idiot. Even now with your hair a mess, and a pair of sleep shorts haphazard pulled over your thick thighs, you were beautiful.

He had no clue how he'd missed it or when you'd gotten so stunning, but suddenly, hanging out with Dustin didn't seem like too bad an idea...even if he did look crazy.

You considered all the information you'd been given for a moment and nodded, gesturing to your brother for a second, taking the flashlight he had in his hand from him and turning toward the cellar yourself.

Both males were shocked because in that second, you had not only admitted that you believed them at least a bit, but you were also helping them with little convincing. You pulled the door to the cellar open after unlocking it, and turned back toward them, both their eyes wide.

"Well, are you coming or not?" you hummed, stepping down the stairs, only to be followed by Steve, suggesting that Dustin remained where he was, in case the creature tried to escape. The plan was solid until you made it to the base of the room and saw that there was no monster to be found, only a hole in the wall.

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It wasn't until days later that you actually got a chance to talk to Steve in depth about what he was doing and what was happening...at school.

"Hey, can I talk to you a second?" you asked, tapping him on the shoulder as you passed by his locker. Normally, you wouldn't have even thought about talking to Steve or any of his friends because of societal barriers but catching him sneaking around your property had dissolved those lines as far as you were concerned.

All Steve could do was nod before you dragged him off, your hips swinging wildly as you walked. He knew it was wrong of him to think about you in that way, when you were just trying to do right by your brother, but he couldn't help himself.

Everything about you was absolutely stunning but he wasn't allowed to say that, because the chance that you wouldn't believe him was too high. Steve didn't run in the same crowd you did, and one night wouldn't change that in your mind or his own.

You didn't stop dragging him until you found an empty classroom and shoved him inside, closing it quietly once you were both hidden inside. It took you a split second to decide what to say, probably because there weren't words for what you'd seen in the cellar a few days ago. Whatever had made that hole in the concrete wasn't human and it had to be huge.

"Sorry about this, I just have to ask you something...do you think they're safe? Dustin and his friends? That thing could kill him don't you think?" you rambled, in true worried Henderson fashion, just as Dustin had that night. You two really were a lot alike, and it was amusing, or it would have been had it not been life or death.

What was Steve supposed to say to something like that? Sure, it was dangerous but you two were involved now and no one was going to let anything happen to any of those kids.

"Hey, it's alright, they're gonna be fine" he assured, seeing how truly distressed you were. Without even thinking, he wrapped his arms around your shoulders and pulled you into a hug. Never in his life had he cared about anyone as much as you seemed to care about

those kids, and it really said something to him.

If it was the last thing he did, Steve vowed to make sure that every single one of those kids were safe as long as he was watching over them. He would do anything if it meant you never had to worry like that again.

“We can take care of them, I’ll help you keep them safe, I promise” He whispered, settling your nerves a little as he thought through what his next move would be. If he opened that door, the outside world would pollute this moment and you two would go back to being virtual strangers, and he just didn’t want that.

Steve cared about Dustin and that caring had shifted to you as well, so now he just had Henderson’s on either side of him and he wouldn’t have had it any other way. “Thank you Steve” you purred, wiping away the one tear that had fallen down your face and turning away from him.

When you left, Steve had to take a second to collect himself, still staring at where you’d been a few minutes before. He had it bad for you, and the pendulum could swing either way from this moment. One thing was for sure, you and Steve were far from over.